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MOTHER EARTH

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MOTHER EARTH

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THE STREAMLET.

From the Russian of Ezekiel Leavitt.

By ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

In the cold North, between the stony rocks,
A lonely streamlet, sorrowfully flowed.
Foaming the spray dashed, and the rocks looked down,
As if they whispered, "Whither leads thy road?

"Why hast thou come here to the wilderness,
A tardy guest? In this lone desert gray
Thy waters in the darkness will dry up;
Thou canst not through the passes break thy way."

Clear, pearly spray fell on the rocks like tears,
Gleaming like steel, the streamlet wound along
Softly, as if it answered to the rocks:
"Oh, ye are wrong! Rocks, ye are wholly wrong!

"Ye laugh at me in pride: 'We rocks are strong;
Thou, streamlet, weak. We ne'er shall be o'erthrown!'
Rocks, laugh not! Granite does not last for aye;
Continual dropping hollows out the stone."

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OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS.

There are such creatures as literary corpse-devourers. They dig their sharp claws into the dead bodies of great thinkers and poets and eviscerate them for their mental diet. This over-taxing of the digestive capacity results in literary nausea; hence they disgorge—articles, essays, books. Apollo, have mercy on them.

Behold the case Walt Whitman—Horace Traubel.

The disclosures of Upton Sinclair in the "Jungle" served the meat trust to good advantage. True, Mr. Sinclair did not wish them well, but—our lawmakers did.

No time was lost in passing a law for meat inspection, which practically prohibits the importation of foreign meats. The small dealer is thus forced out of the market —the big trust is being ridden of competition.

Formerly Messrs. Armour, Swift and Morris were annually spending large sums to ruin their competitors. The money thus saved will now be devoted to the purchase of courts and legislatures.

The reform methods employed to cure our social evils are not unlike the medical quack panaceas designed to aggravate the complaints they pretend to cure.

At the recent unveiling of McKinley's bust the mob of patriotic women of both sexes behaved like violent lunatics.

Shrieking, screaming and kicking they endeavored to possess themselves of a bit of rag or cord used in the ceremony. The successful ones, carrying their trophies home, greatly rejoiced in their rare luck. For such things have been known to cure constipation, nose-bleed, toothache and corns. It is also said that they help to fructify sterile marriage.

Fraudulent bankruptcy, empty wallets and swindling enterprises, however, are absolutely proof against their magic power.

Various papers severely censured the superstitious savagery of the mob. They have failed to note, however, that the barbaric behavior of these patriots is in keeping with the spirit of our inheritance.

In the middle ages (often even to-day) the public execution of criminals was attended by a great concourse of people—mostly delicate women—who fought desperately for the ghastly souvenirs.

❧ ❧

Taft, Secretary of War, declares in his proclamation that it has become imperative to send our soldiers to Cuba to preserve peace and order, and to protect property.

It is good Christian ethics, ever preaching cannons instead of sympathy.

In reality our government is carrying war into Cuba to establish the reign of graft and to convert Cuban wealth into American dollars.

❧ ❧

The real pillars of Czarsism are not the Grand Dukes and Cossacks, but the chiefs of international finance.

It is European and American capitalism that furnishes the Russian government with the sinews of war against the Revolution. The latter could successfully oppose the Russian police and army, were it not for the gold that flows into the St. Petersburg coffers from French, German, Austrian and American banks.

Not that the money kings of Europe or America have faith in the survival of the Czar's regime; yet they feel confident that the successor will be a safe constitutional government. The bourgeoisie, becoming dominant, will not forget its traditional respect for capital—the creditors are secure.

The chief responsibility for the crimes of Czarism—the Jewish massacres, famine and bloodshed—rests upon the international money powers. Actuated by the same ethical principles as the banking house of Schiff, of New York, they shed crocodile tears over their slaughtered coreligionists, while negotiating a loan with the royal butchers.

LEON CZOLGOSZ.

(Stray Leaves in Commemoration of the 29th October, 1901.)

By MAX BAGINSKI.

When I think of Leon Czolgosz I reproach myself for having indifferently passed by, without a kind and tender word, an outraged and deeply-wounded soul.

It happened thus.

On the 12th of July, 1901, a party of friends met at the Chicago railroad station to bid adieu to our departing comrade Emma Goldman.

As the train left, a friend remarked to me, "There is a fellow from Cleveland here who asks very peculiar questions. If we do not wish to be bored by him, we must make our escape." We went our way without taking leave of the rest.

The man from Cleveland was Leon Czolgosz. He had just arrived in Chicago and called upon the publishers of "Free Society" at the very moment when they were leaving for the railroad station. Czolgosz was invited to accompany them.

I had but a casual glance at the man. His picture, however, revealed to me a soul out of harmony with the world about it, shrinking from the coarse touch of life and finding shelter in its own seclusion.

His was a face with childlike eyes, full of eager questioning. Confronted with the cruel complexities of life they would express shyness and helplessness. It was a face that indicated a singular combination of tenderness and extreme daring. His was a composite character that reminded me of Souvarin in Zola's "Germinal."

The latter shed tears of anguish over the death of his beloved squirrel; but the sight of slavish submission of the striking miners, driven back to work by hunger, exasperates him. He is so infuriated by the cowardly spirit of these slaves that he dooms them to perish in the mines. At night he descends into the shafts and, at the risk of his own life, he saws through the supporting pillars. He goes about his work coolly and without hesitation. In the morning he indifferently suffers the miners to go down to certain death.

The official history of revolutionary acts of violence is absolutely bare of psychological data. It pictures Ravachol, for instance, as an extremely cruel and heartless man; yet there are numerous incidents which prove him to have been unusually kind and tender.

This combination of extreme tenderness and cruelty is only an apparent contradiction. Supersensitiveness to suffering and injustice often is the richest soil that fertilizes hatred of the forces that cause human suffering.

The act of Czolgosz was the explosion of inner rebellion; it was directed against the savage authority of the money power, and against the government that aids its mammonistic crimes.

But few characteristic incidents of the personality and life of Leon Czolgosz are known.

Reared under the lash of poverty and the tyranny of the home, he passed a wretched and joyless childhood. This misery soon forced the tender youth upon the block of modern slavery. Driven and kicked about in the industrial treadmill, unable to adjust himself to the demands of commonplace existence, he was often the target for the brutality and scorn of his colleagues.

It were too much to demand that the psychological keenness of the manufacturers of public opinion should concern itself with the motives and feelings of such an unimportant individual. Their wonderful ingenuity was exhausted by the blood-curdling portrayal of the man in dime novel style. These scribblers, as well as the mentally stagnated mass, considered the Czolgosz problem solved when the Auburn executioner had completed his horrible work.

Even the revolutionists and anarchists of this country have added nothing that would serve to silhouette the personality and act of the man upon the background of those black days. He was unknown to them; he seldom frequented their gatherings. Unaided he meditated upon our terrible social contrasts. Inevitably, his reflections crystallized in the conviction that the social hell in which the majority of mankind endured the agony of the damned, must be abolished. His soul craved freedom and he longed to hear the trumpet of the liberating battle.

His naive questions about the existence of secret revolutionary societies merely proved his belief in the necessity of an uncompromising fighting organization, implacably waging war against existing conditions. He sought spiritual companionship, yet found nothing but disruption, animosity and pettiness—lack of courage and initiative.

His vague, indefinite yearnings gradually ripened into the quiet determination to carry out an independent act—an act to bring relief to his own oppressed soul and possibly disturb the lethargy of the masses.

For various reasons the motives and character of Czolgosz were ignored. Peter, the most jealous disciple of Christ, at the critical moment denied his master, vowing that he knew not this law-breaker. Such is the historical fate of him that stakes his life for an ideal. The experience with the "human, all-too-human" found a repetition after the shot at Buffalo. But few sought the explanation within the spirit of our times; the rest failed to realize that it was the bursting of a human heart, quivering under the pressure of an unbearable life.

It required neither judgment nor wit to prate about the "normality" or "insanity" of the man. I know of no instance in the revolutionary annals where a man faced a condemning world so absolutely alone and forsaken,—a world of cold, cruel judges flippantly passing the sentence of death. But lo! the contrast between the executioners and the simple grandeur of their victim.

One there was that dared to voice human sentiments in an article published in "Free Society," October 6th, 1901.

As the governmental and press flunkies strenuously endeavored to associate the author with the Buffalo tragedy, such an expression of sympathy, at such a time, was courageous indeed.

The act of September 6th still affects me like the lifting of a veil designed to hide a dangerous truth. For years we are maintaining the illusion that no social question exists in this country; that *our* republic has no place for the struggle of poor and rich. The voices of the deep, crying of human misery and distress, were

thought to be silenced by the formula, "We are free and equal in this country; we have no social problems here." The empty phrase of political liberty has been made to serve as a panacea for all social ills. Those that dare to suggest that political freedom is but a farce, so long as social and economic slavery exists, are branded criminals. Mere declarations of independence and political rights dissolve into nothing if the few may monopolize the earth, control the sources of subsistence, and thus force mankind to a life of poverty and servitude. Under such conditions alleged political liberty is but a means to blind the masses to the real necessities of the times, and to create artificial campaign issues, the solution of which is in reality of little consequence to the general welfare.

All this was echoed to me by the Buffalo shot. McKinley fell as the first and chief representative of a republic, the main mission of which is to protect by force the wealth stolen from the people.

This mission of government—the violent suppression of every human right—becomes more accentuated with the growing intensity of commercial and industrial exploitation.

In the 80's, the labor movement for an eight-hour workday was forcibly subdued, and five men judicially killed at Chicago. Under the régime of President Cleveland the Federal forces are employed as the executioners of striking workingmen. Capitalists wire for soldiers and their demand is readily complied with at the White House. The last true Democrat, John P. Altgeld, protests as Governor of Illinois against this arbitrary invasion of State rights. For this crime he later pays with his political life. What? Shall the government not serve monopolists à la Pullman? What else is it here for?!

The régime of McKinley proved even more servile. It lost no opportunity in aiding capitalism in mercilessly crushing the aspirations of labor. The use of Federal troops during strikes becomes a daily occurrence. Thus the mask slowly falls from the lying Goddess. Her chief priest, however, proudly carries his starched dignity and pretended piety.

McKinley personified at once social corruption and political servility. Indeed, he was the ideal President of the secret kings of the republic; both in character and appearance a Jesuit, he was eminently fitted to shield the traitors of the country. He always reminded me of the typical porter, whose severe, dignified appearance proclaims his master's gilded respectability, veneering a rotten core.

Such were the environments that prompted Czolgosz's act. Many felt this; few dared to express it. The amazement that such a thing should happen in America really had something artificial about it. To the close observer there exists but an insignificant difference between the social conditions in this country and that of European monarchies, upon whose horizon revolutionary flashes had been playing for years. There, as well as here, the governments are the willing gendarmes and sheriffs of the possessing class; we, however, still cling to the superstition of political liberty.

Pure in aspiration and motive, the personality of Leon Czolgosz towers above our stifling social existence. Purer, indeed, than his accusers and judges wished. They have left nothing undone to make him appear a low, vile creature, since it was necessary to lull the nation into the belief that only the basest of men could be guilty of such a deed.

In vain unscrupulous torturers attempted to defile the sensitive soul—no confession, unworthy of the man, could be forced. His alleged statement, that a lecture of Emma Goldman inspired his act, emanated from a lying press.

The State of New York employed 200 detectives and spent 30,000 dollars to trump up evidence to convict Emma Goldman as the intellectual instigator of McKinley's death. Is it reasonable to suppose, then, that such efforts and means would have been used had Czolgosz been induced to make statements in the least incriminating.

Even the peace of death was denied him. His last moments were poisoned by the Christian kindness of the prison warden. To the last he was tortured by insinuations reflecting on his character; in the hope of

obtaining a confession the dying man was annoyed; he was told, among other things, that Emma Goldman had denounced him as tramp and beggar. But even such brutality failed to touch his lofty spirit. "I care not what Emma Goldman or others say about me. I had no accomplices. I did it for the dear people, and I am ready to die."

These were the only words Leon Czolgosz uttered during all those terrible weeks. Not even at his trial, which mocked every conception of justice, could he be induced to speak.

The only decent reporter present at the trial—a woman—relates that she was so overcome by the farcical proceedings that she was unfitted to do newspaper work for months. Czolgosz impressed her, she says, as a visionary, totally oblivious to his surroundings.

His large, dreamy eyes must have beheld in the distance the rising dawn, heralding a new and glorious day.

* * *

Five years have since rolled into eternity. His spirit still hovers over me. In tender love I lay these immortelles on his grave.

THE DAY OF REBELLION.

BY J. A. ANDREWS.

In the night of oppression and anguish,
When the hosts of the tyrants rule wide,
And the people but shudder and languish,
As they crouch from the furies of pride,
Comes a word of Revolt, whispered grimly,
Through the chaos of discord and fear,
Till the slaves and the despots feel dimly
That the Day of Rebellion is near.

They know not the day nor the year,
Yet soon shall its standards appear;
With defiance to rules and to rulers,
The Day of Rebellion is near.

It will come as the lightning from heaven;
As the wrath of the skies it will fall;
It will shatter, like bolt of the levin,
Harsh Monopoly's fortified wall;
It will dash down to dust and perdition,
With a crash that shall echo through time,
The twin monsters of Rule and Submission,
That have festered the world in their slime.

The Day of Rebellion is near,
With omens for tyrants to fear,
And defiance to rules and to rulers,
Wherever its standards appear.

THE TRAGEDY AT BUFFALO.

Reprinted from "Free Society," October, 1901.

For they starve the little frightened child
  Till it weeps both night and day:
And they scorge the weak, and flog the fool,
  And gibe the old and gray,
And some grow mad, and all grow bad,
  And none a word may say.

—Oscar Wilde.

Never before in the history of governments has the sound of a pistol shot so startled, terrorized, and horrified the self-satisfied, indifferent, contented, and indolent public, as has the one fired by Leon Czolgosz when he struck down William McKinley, president of the money kings and trust magnates of this country.

Not that this modern Cæsar was the first to die at the hands of a Brutus. Oh, no! Since man has trampled upon the rights of his fellow men, rebellious spirits have been afloat in the atmosphere. Not that William McKinley was a greater man than those who throned upon the fettered form of Liberty. He did not compare either in intellect, ability, personality, or force of character with those who had to pay the penalty of their power. Nor will history be able to record his extraordinary kindness, generosity, and sympathy with those whom ignorance and greed have condemned to a life of misery, hopelessness, and despair.

Why, then, were the mighty and powerful thrown into such consternation by the deed of September 6? Why this howl of a hired press? Why such blood-thirsty and violent utterances from the clergy, whose usual business it is to preach "peace on earth and good will to all"? Why the mad ravings of the mob, the demand for rigid laws to curtail freedom of press and speech?

For more than thirty years a small band of parasites have robbed the American people, and trampled upon the fundamental principles laid down by the forefathers of this country, guaranteeing to every man, woman and child, "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." For thirty years they have been increasing their wealth and power at the expense of the vast mass of workers, thereby

enlarging the army of the unemployed, the hungry, homeless, and friendless portion of humanity, tramping the country from east to west and north to south, in a vain search for work. For many years the home has been left to the care of the little ones, while the parents are working their life and strength away for a small pittance. For thirty years the sturdy sons of America were sacrificed on the battlefield of industrial war, and the daughters outraged in corrupt factory surroundings. For long and weary years this process of undermining the nation's health, vigor, and pride, without much protest from the disinherited and oppressed, has been going on. Maddened by success and victory, the money-powers of this "free land of ours" became more and more audacious in their heartless, cruel efforts to compete with rotten and decayed European tyrannies in supremacy of power.

With the minds of the young poisoned with a perverted conception of patriotism, and the fallacious notion that all are equal and that each one has the same opportunity to become a millionaire (provided he can steal the first hundred thousand dollars), it was an easy matter indeed to check the discontent of the people; one is therefore not surprised when one hears Americans say, "We can understand why the poor Russians kill their czar, or the Italians their king, for think of the conditions that prevail there; but he who lives in a republic, where each one has the opportunity to become President of the United States (provided he has a powerful party back of him), why shoul he attempt such acts? We are the people, and acts of violence in this country are impossible."

And now that the impossible has happened, that even America has given birth to the man who struck down the king of the republic, they have lost their heads, and are shouting vengeance upon those who for years have shown that the conditions here were beginning to be alarming, and unless a halt be called, despotism would set its heavy foot on the hitherto relatively free limbs of the people.

In vain have the mouthpieces of wealth denounced Leon Czolgosz as a foreigner; in vain they are making the world believe that he is the product of European

conditions, and influenced by European ideas. This time the "assassin" happens to be the child of Columbia, who lulled him to sleep with

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty," etc.,

and who held out the hope to him that he, too, could become President of the country. Who can tell how many times this American child has gloried in the celebration of the 4th of July, or on Decoration Day, when he faithfully honored the nation's dead? Who knows but what he, too, was willing to "fight for his country and die for her liberty"; until it dawned upon him that those he belonged to have no country, because they have been robbed of all that they have produced; until he saw that all the liberty and independence of his youthful dreams are but a farce. Perhaps he also learned that it is nonsense to talk of equality between those who have all and those who have nothing, hence he rebelled.

"But his act was mad and cowardly," says the ruling class. "It was foolish and impractical," echo all petty reformers, Socialists, and even some Anarchists.

What absurdity! As if an act of this kind can be measured by its usefulness, expediency, or practicability. We might as well ask ourselves of the usefulness of a cyclone, tornado, a violent thunderstorm, or the ceaseless fall of the Niagara waters. All these forces are the natural results of natural causes, which we may not yet have been able to explain, but which are nevertheless a part of nature, just as all force is natural and part of man and beast, developed or checked, according to the pressure of conditions and man's understanding. An act of violence is therefore not only the result of conditions, but also of man's psychical and physical nature, and his susceptibility to the world surrounding him.

Does not the summer fight against the winter, does it not resist, mourn, and weep oceans of tears in its eager attempt to shield its children from the icy grip of frost? And does not the winter enshroud Mother Earth with a white, hard cover, lest the warm spring sunshine should melt the heart of the hardened old gentleman? And does he not gather his last forces for a bitter and fierce battle for supremacy, until the burning rays of the sun disperse his ranks?

Resistance against force is a fact all through nature. Man being part of nature, he, too, is swayed by the same force to defend himself against invasion. Force will continue to be a natural factor just so long as economic slavery, social superiority, inequality, exploitation, and war continue to destroy all that is good and noble in man.

That the economic and political conditions of this country have been pregnant with the embryo of greed and despotism, no one who thinks and has closely watched events can deny. It was, therefore, but a question of time for the first signs of labor pains to begin. And they began when McKinley, more than any other President, had betrayed the trust of the people, and became the tool of the moneyed kings. They began when he and his class had stained the memory of the men who produced the Declaration of Independence, by the blood of the massacred Filipinos. They grew more violent at the recollection of Hazelton, Virden, Idaho, and other places, where capital has waged war on labor; until on the 6th of September the child begotten, nourished and reared by violence, was born.

That violence is not the result of conditions only, but also largely depends upon man's inner nature, is best proven by the fact that while thousands loath tyranny, but one will strike down a tyrant. What is it that drives him to commit the act, while others pass quietly by? It is because the one is of such a sensitive nature that he will feel a wrong more keenly and with greater intensity than others.

It is, therefore, not cruelty, or a thirst for blood, or any other criminal tendency, that induces such a man to strike a blow at organized power. On the contrary, it is mostly because of a strong social instinct, because of an abundance of love and an overflow of sympathy with the pain and sorrow around us, a love which seeks refuge in the embrace of mankind, a love so strong that it shrinks before no consequence, a love so broad that it can never be wrapped up in one object, as long as thousands perish, a love so all-absorbing that it can neither calculate, reason, investigate, but only dare at all costs.

It is generally believed that men prompted to put the dagger or bullet in the cowardly heart of govern-

ment, were men conceited enough to think that they will thereby liberate the world from the fetters of despotism. As far as I have studied the psychology of an act of violence, I find that nothing could be further away from the thought of such a man than that if the king were dead, the mob will cease to shout "Long live the king!"

The cause for such an act lies deeper, far too deep for the shallow multitude to comprehend. It lies in the fact that the world within the individual, and the world around him, are two antagonistic forces, and, therefore, must clash.

Do I say that Czolgosz is made of that material? No. Neither can I say that he was not. Nor am I in a position to say whether or not he is an Anarchist; I did not know the man; no one as far as I am aware seems to have known him, but from his attitude and behavior so far (I hope that no reader of "Free Society" has believed the newspaper lies), I feel that he was a soul in pain, a soul that could find no abode in this cruel world of ours, a soul "impractical," inexpedient, lacking in caution (according to the dictum of the wise); but daring just the same, and I cannot help but bow in reverent silence before the power of such a soul, that has broken the narrow walls of its prison, and has taken a daring leap into the unknown.

Having shown that violence is not the result of personal influence, or one particular ideal, I deem it unnecessary to go into a lengthy theoretical discussion as to whether Anarchism contains the element of force or not. The question has been discussed time and again, and it is proven that Anarchism and violence are as far apart from each other as liberty and tyranny. I care not what the rabble says; but to those who are still capable of understanding I would say that Anarchism, being a philosophy of life, aims to establish a state of society in which man's inner make-up and the conditions around him, can blend harmoniously, so that he will be able to utilize all the forces to enlarge and beautify the life about him. To those I would also say that I do not advocate violence; government does this, and force begets force. It is a fact which cannot be done away with through the prosecution of a few men and

women, or by more stringent laws—this only tends to increase it.

Violence will die a natural death when man will learn to understand that each unit has its place in the universe, and while being closely linked together, it must remain free to grow and expand.

Some people have hastily said that Czolgosz's act was foolish and will check the growth of progress. Those worthy people are wrong in forming hasty conclusions. What results the act of September 6 will have no one can say; one thing, however, is certain: he has wounded government in its most vital spot. As to stopping the wheel of progress, that is absurd. Ideas cannot be retarded by restraint. And as to petty police persecution, what matter?

As I write this, my thoughts wander to the death-cell at Auburn, to the young man with the girlish face, about to be put to death by the coarse, brutal hands of the law, walking up and down the narrow cell, with cold, cruel eyes following him,

"Who watch him when he tries to weep
And when he tries to pray;
Who watch him lest himself should rob
The prison of its prey."

And my heart goes out to him in deep sympathy, and to all the victims of a system of inequality, and the many who will die the forerunners of a better, nobler, grander life.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

A REMINISCENCE.

By ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

If they would but linger awhile, these last rays of the sinking sun. I'll press my face closely to the cold bars—shine on me a little, caress me a bit—there is warmth, there is cheer in these rays.

Yet they look so pale, so unsteady; oh, they are fading—like the hope of one condemned to die.

To die? Yes.... Is it really so hard to die? Hard? Are these walls not harder? And this barred door less cruel than death? And is not either more merciful than this life with its terrible cruelty, the cruelty of suffocating sameness. It stifles me, it chills my being. They have built these walls on my heart; the iron bars pierce my soul. I cannot bear it, I cannot....

Unconsciously my look wanders through the cell; my eyes take in every sickly-familiar detail—the iron bed, the table, the chair. Oh, not even the freedom of death is left me....

Nothing but walls. Oh, but beyond this rocky silence there is *life;* there are voices, there is activity, there is motion—there's freedom, life there! Yes, and they struggle, they breathe, they live there. ....If I were only there! I would show them a Man, a man of blood and muscle, palpitating flesh, energy, action. How I would fight and struggle, fight and fight. Joyfully I would welcome the mountain in my path, that I may climb it; and if it be steep, I should rejoice in it; and if I slip and fall, —in rising lies my strength; and I shall, I will climb on and on. That means life; to struggle with Titans; no, not to conquer, but to struggle.

If I were but there! Yet here, solid rocks of gray and moving rocks in blue that deaden the quick and torture the dead. Beyond this barred silence the sky is blue and songbirds thrill the woods, and the redbreast calls his mate. Yet I remember, once I saw a bluebird imprisoned in a cage. Some thoughtless boy had put it there, unmindful of its pain. Poor little bird! Desperately it fluttered from side to side, vainly beating against the cruel bars. The look of despair that shone in those eyes. . . . . That night I woke from sleep, crying.

And once I saw that look upon a man. I have no kin, but he was my brother. Bowed he stood, with the marks of the chains upon his bleeding hands, and in his eyes lay a tortured soul. Oh, all pain is not imprisoned within these walls. There is misery beyond this iron grating; there is torture, agony in that great beyond that fills the world with the groans and cries of Gehenna. There Moloch sits enthroned, and men are starved and women defiled to do him honor; the greed-fanned flames envelop tender little bodies, and the stench of the burning flesh fills the air with its fatal poison.

There, beyond my grated door is the real prison. Here we hate our keepers, but our hands are chained. There they fetter the mind, and the unfortunate creatures eagerly bend their knees, happy to worship and to serve their masters.

Oh, for a Man of flesh and blood to strike a liberating blow! A man to burst the chains, stronger than mere iron—those heavy fetters that have weighted man down for centuries, the chains that have dragged him into the mire of rottenness and threaten to bury him in the quick-sands of his own pettiness.

Oh, unhappy Man! You point the finger of scorn toword my grated door and think me prisoner and you—you are free?! Oh, pitiful race of pigmies—where is the glory of your being, the birthright of your manhood? Where is your native courage, your pride, your self-respect? Is your soul as bare as your body? Has the last vestige of your humanity been washed away by the ceaseless waves of stupidity and corruption? Is all, all lost?

No, it cannot be. It must not be. You shall not remain weakly whining under the heel of iron; you shall not lick the hand that struck you; you shall not wallow in mud and infect the heavens with your nauseating odors. And though you loathe Justice—*I* respect it, and so you shall. You shall hear my bugle call to the gigantic struggle, and you shall know that I wake the slaves to life, to freedom, to joy. And though you ignore me, you shall hear! And you shall see me strike the lightning, red with the blood of my wounded soul, and you shall tremble and—perchance you will look up!

And *I* shall be free!

Where, where is this Man? The Man of Flesh and Blood!

* * *

It was dark in my cell. From afar a solitary star was beckoning through the barred window. I heard stealthy footsteps, then a whisper, "The President has been shot!"

The lightning struck....

TOLSTONIAN OR TERRORIST?

The *Daily News*, of August 23d, gives a striking instance of a Tolstonian turned Terrorist. Any ordinarily sane person can understand clearly that these very few people—the Tolstonians—who erect submission into a principle would under given conditions be driven to adopt active resistance. We will do them the justice to say that no Tolstonian would stand calmly by and see wife and children outraged and murdered without raising a finger to save them. It was the wanton murder of an old, white-haired Jew before the eyes of his young son that made this man a Terrorist. Here is what he says:

"Then I became a Terrorist, as you call it. I rushed towards the troops, and tried to address an officer. I do not know what I did. I was half-demented with grief and rage. A policeman struck me on the jaw, and I was beaten almost to death by a whole company of soldiers. Then I was thrown into prison. I was packed into a cell with thirty men; there was scarcely room to move our arms. As the heat grew more oppressive and the atmosphere, already vile, grew viler still, all semblance of human beings was lost. The scene became one that only a Dante could describe. And when I came out after months of torture that hell itself might be defied to match, broken by misery and degradation, and stamped as a 'political criminal,' I began to regret bitterly my mistake. I was a Tolstonian no longer. I became a Terrorist."

It is criminal stupidity to talk of non-resistance in the face of all that is happening in Russia to-day.

ANGIOLINO.

By A. DERLITZKI.

The Firm W. L. & Co. was at that time the Mecca of the international printers of London. Alongside of about forty English compositors worked French and German colleagues, as well as Russians, Spaniards, Italians, Hollanders and Swiss; representatives of other nations could often also be found there.

Our work, in various languages, was divided into groups, called "ships"; each ship was in charge of a "Captain" or Clicker. The foreigners were all grouped together, but the French ship was by far the most interesting. The latter printed the "Courier de Londres."

Facing me stood an old veteran from the South of France. The sharp features of his withered face betrayed the storms of a strenuous past. During the revolutionary period of France he was both Student and hero of the barricades. Subsequently the battle of existence taught him the trade of compositor. In his old days he became a mute thinker, and we nicknamed him "the philosopher."

The "Captain" of the Courier was a surly old Belgian. His chief assistant, Monsieur Norrin, was an ex-sergeant of the French Army; he was known among us as "the comrade."

Carl, Norrin's friend, was a German—deserter. He was a good sort; he considered obedience an optional virtue—to be practiced voluntarily, but never to be forced. Once, while still wearing the Kaiser's uniform, he applied the Biblical injunction, "an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth" to his superior officer—and then he bade farewell to his dear Fatherland.

My Russian neighbor had circled the globe. The Spaniard at his side was also a great traveler, as well as a Greek and Latin scholar. In short, we were a jolly family, and it was quite touching to see these strange fellows sharing their last crumbs with some needy journeyman.

In the beginning of the summer of 1897 a new compositor joined our group—Signor Angiolino, an Italian of noble birth. Angiolino, by the way, means little angel.

His personal appearance, his havelock and soft felt hat

suggested the journalist rather than the disciple of Guttenberg. His delicate hands, moreover, betrayed the fact that he did not grow up at the "case." With his handsome, frank face, his soft dark hair, short beard and alert expression he looked the very type of the vivacious Southerner. The gold eye-glasses were very becoming to him.

We were very crowded at the time, and as I had a "double stand," I was asked to make room for the new compositor, and thus Angiolino became my right-hand neighbor.

We got along quite well, though our conversation was rather limited at first; Angiolino spoke Italian, Spanish, and French, but no English; the little French I knew was not sufficient to carry on a prolonged conversation. However, Angiolino soon began to acquire the English idiom; he learned rapidly, playfully, and it was not long till he became very popular with his fellow-compositors His distinguished and yet modest manner and his consideration towards his colleagues won him the hearts of all the boys. His past, however, remained an enigma—which served to make him still more interesting.

One Sunday afternoon Angiolino called on me. Following the English custom, I introduced my visitor to the members of the household. I did not fail to notice the strong impression he made upon the ladies of the house—his fine, manly presence and polished manners were very fascinating.

We had tea; one of the young ladies entertained the company with music. Someone inquired, "could the Signor play?" Receiving an affirmative reply, the ladies begged Angiolino to try his skill. Angiolino consented, and soon the room was vibrant with choice classical music. He played with a master hand. His audience was entranced. Then the Signor began to sing Spanish and Italian love-ditties, accompanying himself on the piano. He was a tenor of remarkable calibre; his singing was beautiful enough to have honored any operatic stage. His sweet tones, full of feeling and tenderness, carried his audience away, away into the paradise of melody. They were enchanted. No wonder the ladies lost their hearts to the fascinating Son of the South. They

begged me to bring him again soon—but I never did so; perhaps I was cautious; perhaps it was—jealousy.

One day Angiolino failed to report for work. Several days passed, and we received no tidings from him. We were becoming anxious. At last I decided to call on him —he might be sick.

It was evening when I entered his room. Angiolino seemed somewhat surprised. I noticed that his desk was littered with manuscripts. A journalist, I thought. On the wall I noticed a picture of Victor Hugo, the soldier of Liberty; on the table lay a copy of "Liberta." At home Angiolino was once editor of that paper. His bold utterances soon attracted the attention of the authorities; persecutions began, and Angiolino fled from Italy to Spain, thence to France and Belgium, finally settling in England. Ah! the mystery of our noble friend is solved, I thought:—Angiolino is a revolutionist.

The English press had reported the bomb-explosion in one of Barcelona's theatres. The Spanish police began reprisals. Several suspects were shot and a large number of radicals were arrested. The Government attempted to force confessions from the prisoners; the means resorted to reminded one of the Inquisition. Some of those unfortunates, subsequently banished, reached London in a terribly mutilated condition.

Among them were friends of Angiolino. The latter, being in constant communication with Spain, was well informed about the details of the arrest and torture. All this I learned incidentally.

Angiolino seemed deeply moved. There was a pause. He was evidently trying to think. For a while all was silence, and then, overcome with grief, he suddenly began to weep,—sobbingly, heartbreakingly.

I was painfully affected.

Then Angiolino rose. "Canovas, Canovas!" he cried. A passionate outburst followed in his native Italian, which I did not understand; then some phrases in English and then again Italian. I understood, however, that Canovas—then Spain's Prime Minister—was being charged with the responsibility for all that was happening; Canovas, the heartless dictator during the Queen-Regents regime,—the man who perpetrated those name-

less atrocities upon the women and children of Cuba,—the beast whose path was strewn with mutilated corpses.

His measure was full.

I could do nothing here. I tried to console Angiolino, and then I quietly left.

The next day Angiolino came to our printing shop to bid us good-bye. Englishmen and foreigners, all regretted to see him leave—and none knew whither he was going.

* * *

Señor Antonio Canovas del Castillo, Prime Minister of Spain, sojourned at Santa Agueda. As is usual in such cases, all strangers were carefully kept away from his exalted presence. One exception, however, was made in the case of a distinguished-looking, elegantly dressed Italian—the representative, it was understood, of an important journal. The distinguished gentleman was—Angiolino.

Señor Canovas, about to leave his house, stepped on the veranda. Suddenly Angiolino confronted him. A shot rang out, and Canovas was a corpse.

The wife of the Prime Minister rushed upon the scene. "Murderer! Murderer!" she cried, pointing at Angiolino. The latter bowed. "Pardon, Madame," he said, "I respect you as a lady, but I regret that you were the wife of that man."

* * *

News of Angiolino's deed was flashed to England. The authorities were investigating his movements in London. Our printing shop was surrounded by detectives, and as we left the office that evening, we were snapshoted. We eagerly bought the papers containing his picture; we recognized the beautiful face.

Calmly Angiolino faced death. Death in its most terrible form—for the man whose soul was as a child's.

He was garrotted. His body lay, sun-kissed, till the day hid in twilight. And people came,—and pointing the finger of terror and fear they said, "There—the criminal —the cruel murderer — — "

My heart was bleeding.

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF CAPITAL.

"This is the Divine Right of Capital. Look, the fierce sunshine beats down upon the white sand, or chalk, or hard clay of the railway cutting, whose narrow sides focus the heat like a lens. Brawny arms swing the pick and drive the pointed spades into the soil. Clod by clod, inch by inch, the heavy earth is loosened, and the mountain removed by atoms at a time. Aching arms these, weary backs, stiffened limbs—brows black with dirt and perspiration. The glaring chalk blinds the eye with its whiteness; the slippery sand gives way beneath the footstep, or rises with the wind and fills the mouth with grit; the clay clings to the boot, weighing the leg down as lead. The hot sun scorches the back of the neck—the lips grow dry and parched; and 'Look out for yourself, mate!' With a jarring rattle the clumsy trucks come jolting down the incline on their way to the 'shoot'; then beware, for they will sometimes jump the ill-laid track, and crush human limbs like brittle icicles with tons of earth. Or a 'shot' is fired overhead, bellowing as the roar rushes from cliff to cliff as an angry bull, and huge stones and fragments hurtle in deadly shower. Or, worse than all, the treacherous clay slips—bulges, trembles, and thuds in an awful avalanche, burying men alive.

"'But they are paid to do it,' says Comfortable Respectability (which hates everything in the shape of a 'question,' glad to slur it over somehow). They are paid to do it! Go down into the pit yourself, Comfortable Respectability, and try it as I have done, just one hour of a summer's day; then you will know the preciousness of a vulgar pot of beer! Three-and-sixpence a day is the price of these brawny muscles; the price of the rascally sherry you parade before your guests in such pseudo-generous profusion. One guinea a week—that is, one stall at the opera. But why do they do it? Because Hunger and Thirst drive them; these are the fearful scourges, the whips worse than the knout, which lie at the back of Capital and give it its power. Do you suppose these human beings with minds and souls and feelings would not otherwise repose on the sweet sward, and hearken to the song-birds as you may do on your lawn at Cedar Villa?

"'The 'financier,' 'director,' 'contractor,' whatever his commercial title—perhaps all three, who is floating this line, where is he? Rolling in his carriage, right royally as a King of Spades should do, honored for the benefits he has conferred upon mankind, toasted at banquets, knighted by an appreciative Throne, his lady shining in bright raiment by his side, glorious in silk and scarlet and ermine, smiling as her lord, voluble of speech, pours forth his unctuous harangue. One man whipped with Hunger toils half-naked in the Pit, face to face with Death; the other is crowned by his fellows, sitting in state with fine wines and the sound of jubilee. This is the Divine Right of Capital."—*Richard Jefferies.*

MODERN SCIENCE AND ANARCHISM.

By PETER KROPOTKIN.

(*Continued.*)

VI.

In these erroneous views, however, Spencer does not stand alone. Following Hobbes, all the philosophy of the nineteenth century continues to look upon the savages as upon bands of wild beasts which lived an isolated life and fought among themselves over food and wives, until some benevolent authority appeared among them and forced them to keep the peace. Even such a naturalist as Huxley advocated the same views as Hobbes, who maintained that in the beginning people lived in a state of war, fighting "each against all," * till, at last, owing to a few advanced persons of the time, the "first society" was created (see his article "The Struggle for Existence—a Law of Nature"). Even Huxley, therefore, failed to realize that it was not Man who created society, but that social life existed among animals much earlier than the advent of man. Such is the power of deep-rooted prejudice.

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* Hobbes' exact words are: "Bellum omnium contra omnes" (The war of everyone against everybody).—Translator.

Were we, however, to trace the history of this prejudice, it would not be difficult to convince ourselves that it originated chiefly in religions and among their representatives. The secret leagues of sorcerers, rain-makers, and so on, among primitive clans, and later on, the Babylonian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Indian, Hebrew and other priesthoods, and later still the Christian priests, have always been endeavoring to persuade men that they lay deep in sin, and that only the intercession of the shaman, the magician, and the priest can keep the evil spirit from assuming control over man, or can prevail with a revengeful God not to visit upon man his retribution for sin. Primitive Christianity, it is true, faintly attempted to break up this prejudice; but the Christian Church, adhering to the very language of the gospels concerning "eternal fire" and "the wrath of God," intensified it still more. The very conception of a son of God who had come to die for "the redemption of sin," served as a basis for this view. No wonder that later on "the Holy Inquisition" subjected people to the most cruel tortures and burned them slowly at the stake in order to afford them an opportunity of repenting and of saving themselves thereby from eternal torment. And not the Catholic Church alone, but all other Christian Churches vied with one another in inventing all kinds of tortures in order to better people "steeped in sin." Up to the present time, nine hundred and ninety-nine persons in a thousand still believe that natural calamities—droughts, floods, earthquakes, and epidemic diseases—are sent by a Divine Being for the purpose of recalling sinful mankind to the right path. In this belief an enormous majority of our children are being brought up to this very day.

At the same time the State, in its schools and universities, countenances the same belief in the innate perversity of man. To prove the necessity of some power that stands above society and inculcates in it the moral principles (with the aid of punishments inflicted for violations of "moral law," for which, by means of a clever trick, the written law is easily substituted),—to keep people in this belief is a matter of life or death to the State. Because, the moment people come to doubt the necessity and possibility of such an inoculation of morality, they

will begin to doubt the higher mission of their rulers as well.

In this way everything—our religious, our historical, our legal, and our social education—is imbued with the idea that man, left to himself, would soon turn into a beast. If it were not for the authority exercised over them, people would devour one another; nothing but brutality and war of each against all can be expected from "the mob." It would perish, if the policeman, the sheriff and the hangman—the chosen few, the salt of the earth—did not tower above it and interpose to prevent the universal free-fight, to educate the people to respect the sanctity of law and discipline, and with a wise hand lead them onward to those times when better ideas shall find a nestling place in the "uncouth hearts of men" and render the rod, the prison, and the gallows less necessary than they are at present.

We laugh at a certain king who, on going into exile in 1848, said: "My poor subjects; now they will perish without me!" We smile at the English clerk who believes that the English are the lost tribe of Israel, appointed by God himself to administer good government to "all other, lower races." But does not the great majority of fairly educated people among all nations entertain the same exalted opinion with regard to itself?

And yet, a scientific study of the development of human society and institutions leads to an entirely different conclusion. It shows that the habits and customs for mutual aid, common defence, and the preservation of peace, which were established since the very first stages of human pre-historic times—and which alone made it possible for man, under very trying natural conditions, to survive in the struggle for existence,—that these social convictions have been worked out precisely by this anonymous "mob." As to the so-called "leaders" of humanity, they have not contributed anything useful that was not developed previously in customary law; they may have emphasized (they nearly always vitiated) some useful existing customs, but they have not invented them; while they always strove, on their side, to turn to their own advantage the common-law institutions that had been

worked out by the masses for their mutual protection, or, failing in this, endeavored to destroy them.

Even in the remotest antiquity, which is lost in the darkness of the stone age, men already lived in societies. In these societies was already developed a whole network of customs and sacred, religiously-respected institutions of the communal regime or of the clan which rendered social life possible. And through all the subsequent stages of development we find it was exactly this constructive force of the "uninformed mob" that worked out new modes of life and new means for mutual support and the maintenance of peace, as new conditions arose.

On the other hand, modern science has proved conclusively that Law—whether proclaimed as the voice of a divine being or proceeding from the wisdom of a lawgiver—never did anything else than prescribe already existing, useful habits and customs, and thereby hardened them into unchangeable, crystallized forms. And in doing this it always added to the "useful customs," generally recognized as such, a few new rules—in the interest of the rich, warlike and armed minority. "Thou shalt not kill," said the Mosaic law, "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not bear false witness," and then it added to these excellent injunctions: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, his slave, nor his ass," which injunction legalized slavery for all time and put woman on the same level as a slave and a beast of burden.

"Love your neighbor," said Christianity later on, but straightway added, in the words of Paul the Apostle: "Slaves, be subject to your masters," and "There is no authority but from God,"—thereby emphasizing the division of society into slaves and masters and sanctifying the authority of the scoundrels who reigned at Rome. The Gospels, though teaching the sublime idea of "no punishment for offences," which is, of course, the essence of Christianity—the token which differentiates it and Buddhism from all other positive religions—speak at the same time all the while about an avenging God who takes his revenge even upon children, thus necessarily impressing upon mankind the opposite idea of *vengeance*.

We see the same thing in the laws of the socalled "Barbarians," that is, of the Gauls, the Lombards, the Allemains, and the Saxons, when these people lived in their

communities, free from the Roman yoke. The Barbarian codes converted into law an undoubtedly excellent custom which was then in process of formation: the custom of paying a penalty for wounds and killing, instead of practising the law of retaliation (an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, wound for wound, and death for death). But at the same time they also legalized and perpetuated the division of freemen into classes—a division which only then began to appear. They exacted from the offender varying compensations, according as the person killed or wounded was a freeman, a military man, or a king (the penalty in the last case being equivalent to life-long servitude). The original idea of this scale of compensations to be paid to the wronged family according to its social position, was evidently that a king's family, which loses more than the family of an ordinary freeman by being deprived of its head, was entitled to receive a greater compensation. But the law, by restating the custom, legalized for all time the division of people into classes—and so legalized it that up to the present, a thousand years since, we have not got rid of it.

And this happened with the legislation of every age, down to our own time. The oppression of the preceding epoch was thus transmitted by law from the old society to the new, which grew up upon the ruins of the old. The oppression of the Persian empire passed on to Greece; the oppression of the Macedonian empire, to Rome; the oppression and cruelty of the Roman empire, to the mediæval European States then just arising.

Every social safeguard, all forms of social life in the tribe, the commune, and the early mediæval town-republics; all forms of intertribal, and later on inter-provincial, relations, out of which international law was subsequently evolved; all forms of mutual support and all institutions for the preservation of peace—including the jury,—were developed by the creative genius *of the anonymous masses.* While all the laws of every age, down to our own, always consisted of the same two elements: one which fixed and crystallized certain forms of life that were universally recognized as useful; the other which was a superstructure—sometimes even nothing but a cunning clause adroitly smuggled in in order to establish

and strengthen the growing authority of the nobles, the king, and the priest—to give it sanction.

So, at any rate, we are led to conclude by the scientific study of the development of human society, upon which for the last thirty years not a few conscientious men of science have labored. They themselves, it is true, seldom venture to express such heretical conclusions as those stated above. But the thoughtful reader inevitably comes to them on reading their works.

VII.

What position, then, does Anarchism occupy in the great intelectual movement of the nineteenth centry?

The answer to this question has alerady been partly formulated in the preceding pages. Anarchism is a world-concept based upon a mechanical explanation of all phenomena,* embracing the whole of Nature—that is, including in it the life of human societies and their economic, political, and moral problems. Its method of investigation is that of the exact natural sciences, by which every scientific conclusion must be verified. Its aim is to construct a synthetic philosophy comprehending in one generalization all the phenomena of Nature—and therefore also the life of societies,—avoiding, however, the errors mentioned above into which, for the reasons there given, Comte and Spencer had fallen.

It is therefore natural that to most of the questions of modern life Anarchism should give new answers, and hold with regard to them a position differing from those of all political and, to a certain extent, of all socialistic parties, which have not yet freed themselves from the metaphysical fictions of old.

Of course, the elaboration of a complete mechanical world-conception has hardly been begun in its sociological part—in that part, that is, which deals with the life and the evolution of societies. But the little that has been done undoubtedly bears a marked—though often not fully conscious—character. In the domain of philosophy, of law, in the theory of morality, in political economy, in

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* It were more correct to say, a *kinetic* explanation, but this word is not so commonly known.

history (both of nations and institutions), Anarchism has already shown that it will not content itself with metaphysical conclusions, but will seek in every case a natural-scientific basis. It rejects the metaphysics of Hegel, of Schelling, and of Kant; it disowns the commentators of Roman and Canon Law, together with the learned apologists of the State; it does not consider metaphysical political economy a science; and it endeavors to gain a clear comprehension of every question raised in these branches of knowledge, basing its investigations upon the numerous researches that have been made during the last thirty or forty years from a naturalist point of view. In the same way as the metaphysical conceptions of a Universal Spirit, or of a Creative Force in Nature, the Incarnation of the Idea, Nature's Goal, the Aim of Existence, the Unknowable, Mankind (conceived as having a separate spiritualized existence), and so on—in the same way as all these have been brushed aside by the materialist philosophy of to-day, while the embryos of generalizations concealed beneath these misty terms are being translated into the concrete language of natural sciences,—so we proceed in dealing with the facts of social life. Here also we try to sweep away the metaphysical cobwebs, and to see what embryos of generalizations—if any—may have been concealed beneath all sorts of misty words.

When the metaphysicians try to convince the naturalist that the mental and moral life of man develops in accordance with certain "Immanent (in-dwelling) Laws of the Spirit," the latter shrugs his shoulders and continues his physiological study of the mental and moral phenomena of life, with a view to showing that they can all be resolved into chemical and physical phenomena. He endeavors to discover the natural laws on which they are based. Similarly, when the Anarchists are told, for instance, that—as Hegel says—every development consists of a Thesis, an Antithesis, and a Synthesis; or that "the object of Law is the establishment of Justice, which represents the realization of the Highest Idea"; or, again, when they are asked,—What, in their opinion, is "the Object of Life?" they, too, simply shrug their shoulders and wonder how, at the present state of development of nat-

ural science, old fashioned people can still be found who continue to believe in "words" like these and still express themselves in the language of primitive anthropomorphism (the conception of nature as of a thing governed by a being endowed with human attributes). High-flown words do not scare the Anarchists, because they know that these words simply conceal either ignorance—that is, uncompleted investigation—or, what is much worse, mere superstition. They therefore pass on and continue their study of past and present social ideas and institutions according to the scientific method of induction. And in doing so they find, of course, that the development of social life is incomparably more complicated—and incomparably more interesting for practical purposes—than it would appear from such formulæ.

We have heard much of late about "the dialectic method," which was recommended for formulating the socialist ideal. Such a method we do not recognize, neither would the modern natural sciences have anything to do with it. "The dialectic method" reminds the modern naturalist of something long since passed—of something outlived and now happily forgotten by science. The discoveries of the nineteenth century in mechanics, physics, chemistry, biology, physical psychology, anthropology, psychology of nations, etc., were made—not by the dialectic method, but by the natural-scientific method, the method of induction and deduction. And since man is part of nature, and since the life of his "spirit"—personal as well as social—is just as much a phenomenon of nature as is the growth of a flower or the evolution of social life amongst the ants and the bees,—there is no cause for suddenly changing our method of investigation when we pass from the flower to man, or from a settlement of beavers to a human town.

The inductive-deductive method has proved its merits so well, in that the nineteenth century, which has applied it, has caused science to advance more in a hundred years than it had advanced during the two thousand years that went before. And when, in the second half of the century, this method began to be applied to the investigation of human society, no point was ever reached where it was found necessary to abandon it and again adopt mediæval scholasticism—as revised by Hegel. Besides,

when, for example, philistine naturalists, seemingly basing their arguments on "Darwinism," began to teach, "Crush everyone weaker than yourself; such is the law of nature, or that capitalism is the most convenient form scientific method that no such law exists: that the life of animals teaches us something entirely different, and that the conclusions of the philistines were absolutely unscientific. They were just as unscientific as, for instance, the assertion that the inequality of wealth is a law of nature, or that capitalism is the most convenient form of social life calculated to promote progress. Precisely this natural-scientific method, applied to economic facts, enables us to prove that the so-called "laws" of middle-class sociology, including also their political economy, are not laws at all, but simply guesses, or mere assertions which have never been verified at all. Moreover, every investigation bears fruit only when it has a definite aim—when it is undertaken for the purpose of obtaining an answer to a definite and clearly worded question. And it is the more fruitful the more clearly the explorer sees the connection that exists between his problem and his general concept of the universe—the place which the former occupies in the latter. The better he understands the importance of the problem in the general concept, the easier will the answer be. The question, then, which Anarchism puts to itself may be stated thus: "What forms of social life assure to a given society, and then to mankind generally, the greatest amount of happiness, and hence also of vitality?" "What forms of social life allow this amount of happiness to grow and to develop, quantitatively as well as qualitatively,—that is, to become more complete and more varied?" (from which, let us note in passing, a definition of *progress* is derived). The desire to promote evolution in this direction determines the scientific as well as the social and artistic activity of the Anarchist.

VIII.

Anarchism originated, as has already been said, from the demands of practical life.

At the time of the great French Revolution of 1789—1793, Godwin had the opportunity of himself seeing how the governmental authority created during the revolution itself acted as a retarding force upon the revolutionary

movement. And he knew, too, what was then taking place in England, under cover of Parliament (the confiscation of public lands, the kidnapping of poor workhouse children by factory agents and their deportation to weavers' mills, where they perished wholesale, and so on). He understood that the government of the "One and Undivided" Jacobinist Republic would not bring about the necessary revolution; that the revolutionary government itself, from the very fact of its being a guardian of the State, was an obstacle to emancipation; that to insure the success of the revolution, people ought to part, first of all, with their belief in Law, Authority, Uniformity, Order, Property, and other superstitions inherited by us from our servile past. And with this purpose in view he wrote "Political Justice."

The theorist of Anarchism who followed Godwin, Proudhon, had himself lived through the Revolution of 1848 and had seen with his own eyes the crimes perpetrated by the revolutionary republican government, and the inapplicability of the State Socialism of Louis Blanc. Fresh from the impressions of what he had witnessed, Proudhon penned his admirable works, "A General Idea of the Social Revolution" and "Confessions of a Revolutionist," in which he boldly advocated the abolition of the State and proclaimed Anarchy.

And finally, the idea of Anarchism reappeared again in the International Working Men's Association, after the revolution that was attempted in the Paris Commune of 1871. The complete failure of the Council of the Commune and its incapacity to act as a revolutionary body—although it consisted, in due proportion, of representatives of every revolutionary faction of the time (Jacobinists, the followers of Louis Blanc, and members of the International Working Men's Association), and, on the other hand, the incapacity of the London General Council of the International and its ludicrous and even harmful pretension to direct the Paris insurrection by orders sent from England,—opened the eyes of many. They forced many members of the International, including Bakunin, to reflect upon the harmfulness of all sorts of government—even such as had been freely elected in the Commune and in the International Working Men's Association. A few months later, the resolution passed by the

same general Council of the Association, at a secret conference held in London in 1871 instead of an annual congress, proved still more the inconvenience of having a government in the International. By this dire resolution they decided to turn the entire labor movement into another channel and to convert it from an economic revolutionary movement—from a direct struggle of the working men's organizations against capitalism—into an elective parliamentary and political movement. This decision led to open revolt on the part of the Italian, Spanish, Swiss, and partly also of the Belgian, Federations against the London General Council, out of which movement modern Anarchism subsequently developed.

Every time, then, the anarchist movement sprang up in response to the lessons of actual life and originated from the practical tendencies of events. And, under the impulse thus given it, Anarchism set to work out its theoretic, scientific basis.

No struggle can be successful if it is an unconscious one, and if it does not render itself a clear and concise account of its aim. No destruction of the existing order is possible, if at the time of the overthrow, or of the struggle leading to the overthrow, the idea of what is to take the place of what is to be destroyed is not always present in the mind. Even the theoretical criticism of the existing conditions is impossible, unless the critic has in his mind a more or less distinct picture of what he would have in place of the existing state. Consciously or unconsciously, *the ideal* of something better is forming in the mind of every one who criticises social institutions.

This is even more the case with a man of action. To tell people, "First let us abolish autocracy or capitalism, and then we will discuss what to put in its place," means simply to deceive oneself and others. And *power* is never created by deception. The very man who speaks thus surely has some idea of what will take the place of the institutions destroyed. Among those who work for the abolition—let us say, of autocracy—some inevitably think of a constitution like that of England or Germany, while others think of a republic, either placed under the powerful dictatorship of their own party or modeled after the French empire-republic, or, again, of a federal republic like that of the United States or Switzerland;

while others again strive to achieve a still greater limitation of government authority; a still greater independence of the towns, the communes, the working men's associations, and all other groups united among themselves by free agreements.

Every party thus has its ideal of the future, which serves it as a criterion in all events of political and economic life, as well as a basis for determining its proper modes of action. Anarchism, too, has conceived its own ideal; and this very ideal has led it to find its own immediate aims and its own methods of action different from those of all other political parties and also, to some extent, from those of the socialist parties, which have retained the old Roman and ecclesiastic ideals of governmental organization.

IX.

This is not the place to enter into an exposition of Anarchism. The present sketch has its own definite aim —that of indicating the relation of Anarchism to modern science,—while the fundamental views of Anarchism may be found stated in a number of other works. But two or three illustrations will help us to define the exact relation of our views to modern science and the modern social movement.

When, for instance, we are told that Law (written large) "is the objectification of Truth"; or that "the principles underlying the development of Law are the same as those underlying the development of the human spirit", or that "Law and Morality are identical and differ only formally"; we feel as little respect for these assertions as does Mephistopheles in Goethe's "Faust." We are aware that those who make such seemingly profound statements as these have expended much thought upon these questions. But they have taken a wrong path; and hence we see in these highflown sentences mere attempts at unconscious generalization, based upon inadequate foundations and confused, moreover, by words of hypnotic power. In olden times they tried to give "Law" a divine origin; later they began to seek a metaphysical basis for it; now, however, we are able to study its anthropological origin. And, availing ourselves of the results obtained by the anthropological school, we take up

the study of social customs, beginning with those of the primitive savages, and trace the origin and the development of the laws at different epochs.

In this way we come to the conclusion already expressed on a preceding page—namely, that all laws have a two-fold origin, and in this very respect differ from those institutions established by custom which are generally recognized as the moral code of a given society. Law confirms and crystallizes these customs, but, while doing so, it takes advantage of this fact to establish (for the most part in a disguised form) the germs of slavery and class distinction, the authority of priest and warrior, serfdom and various other institutions, in the interest of the armed and would-be ruling minority. In this way a yoke has imperceptibly been placed upon man, of which he could only rid himself by means of subsequent bloody revolutions. And this is the course of events down to the present moment—even in contemporary "labor legislation" which, along with "protection of labor," covertly introduces the idea of *compulsory* State arbitration in case of strikes,* a *compulsory* eight-hour day for the workingman (no less than eight hours), military exploitation of the railroads during strikes, legal sanction for the dispossession of the peasants in Ireland, and so on. And this will continue to be so as long as one portion of society goes on framing laws for all society, and thereby strengthens the power of the State, which forms the chief support of Capitalism.

It is plain, therefore, why Anarchism—which aspires to Justice (a term synonymous with equality) more than any lawgiver in the world—has from the time of Godwin rejected all written laws.

When, however, we are told that by rejecting Law we reject all morality—since we deny the "categoric imperative" of Kant,—we answer that the very wording of this objection is to us strange and incomprehensible.† It is as strange and incomprehensible to us as it would be to every naturalist engaged in the study of the phenom-

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* "Compulsory arbitration"—what a glaring contradiction!

† I am not quoting an imaginary example, but one taken from correspondence which I have recently carried on with a German doctor of law.

ena of morality. In answer to this argument, we ask: "What do you really mean? Can you not translate your statements into comprehensible language—for instance, as Laplace translated the formulæ of higher mathematics into a language accessible to all, and as all great men of science did and do express themselves?"

Now, what does a man who takes his stand on "universal law" or "the categorical imperative" really mean? Does he mean that there is in all men the conception that one ought not to do to another what he would not have done to himself—that it would be better even to return good for evil? If so, well and good. Let us, then, study (as Adam Smith and Hutcheson have already studied) the origin of these moral ideas in man, and their course of development. Let us extend our studies also to prehuman times (a thing Smith and Hutcheson could not do). Then, we may analyze to what extent the idea of Justice implies that of Equality. The question is an important one, because only those who regard others as their equals can accept the rule, "Do not to others what you would not have done to yourself." The landlord and the slave-owner, who did not look upon "the serf" and the negro as their equals, did not recognize "the categorical imperative" and "the universal law" as applicable to these unhappy members of the human family. And then, if this observation of ours be correct, we shall see whether it is at all possible to inculcate morality while teaching teh doctrine of inequality.

We shall finally analyze, as Mark Guyau did, the facts of self-sacrifice. And then we shall consider what has most promoted the development in man of moral feelings —first, of those which are intimately connected with the idea of equality, and then of the others; and after this consideration we shall be able to deduce from our study exactly what social conditions and what institutions promise the best results for the future. Is this development promoted by religion, and to what extent? Is it promoted by inequality—economic and political—and by a division into classes? Is it promoted by law? By punishment? By prisons? By the judge? The jailer? The hangman?

Let us study all this in detail, and then only may we speak again of Morality and moralization by means of

laws, law courts, jailers, spies, and police. But we had better give up using the sonorous words which only conceal the superficiality of our semi-learning. In their time the use of these words was, perhaps, unavoidable—their application could never have been useful; but now that we are able to approach the study of burning social questions in exactly the same manner as the gardener and the physiologist take up the study of the conditions most favorable for the growth of a plant—let us do so!

(To be Continued.)

THE FAILURE OF STATE-SOCIALIST LEGISLATION.

There comes to hand just now from various sources such a scathing indictment of the State-Socialist measures which have been on trial of late years that we propose to give extracts with comments, and leave unprejudiced minds to form their own conclusions.

There is in *Wilshire's Magazine* a paper on New Zealand, from which it is possible to see how all the State-Socialist measures taken in this colony in the years 1865-1890 were reduced to naught by the fact that the land of the colony remained in the hands of the landlords.

The population of New Zealand numbered only 600,000 persons, but there was land enough to support 20,000,000 people; and yet, there being no enterprise on behalf of the land owners and the capitalists, the colony was extremely poor, and more than 20,000 people had to emigrate.

Several State-Socialist measures had been passed. The telegraph lines, the railways, the telephones had been taken over by the government; the cities were allowed to build and operate their own street railways; some State-banking was introduced.

"But," we read in this paper, "all of these things together did not provide work for an additional man. The government employed no more men to operate the railroads, telegraph, telephone, lighting plants, street-railway lines, etc., than did the private capitalists who formerly owned them. The government, by owning and operating these public utilities, simply afforded an opportunity to those who were already in receipt of incomes, to obtain for less money the services offered by these various utilities. In short, the government simply reduced the cost of living."

Then the workingmen of New Zealand understood that so long as all the land of the country was not considered public property, so long as every one was not entitled to get out of that land the amount which he was capable and willing to cultivate himself, nothing would be changed. This is now realized, and their cry is now for "free land."

New Zealand is thus a new proof of the truth which

we have advocated:—Municipal and State Socialism, without the land being declared the property of the nation, is of no avail; just as the nationalization of the land would be ineffective were it not accompanied by the socialization of all the industrial capital as well.

Turning now to the *Coast Seamen's Journal,* which, like Wilshire's, favors political action, we find the wholesale denunciation of a "reform" that several weak-minded labor men here are wasting their time in advocating. We allude to Compulsory Arbitration, which has been on trial for some time now in New Zealand. In the *Journal* for August we read: "Criticism of the Compulsory Arbitration law is not confined to one paper, nor to one organization, nor to one locality. In fact, that system is condemned in unmeasured terms throughout Australia."

Here is what the *New Zealand Worker* says on this subject:

"To-day the workers who were married to the Arbitration Court are seriously considering whether it is all they thought it.

"Looked at in the light of satisfying all the desires of the working classes, the Arbitration Court has been, and will always be, a failure.

"Regarded from the point of view of a machine for adjusting disputes and preventing strikes, it has accomplished what it was created for—prevented strikes. It has sat heavily on the chest of unionism; it has by its protracted delays in dealing with disputes half strangled some unions, but it has prevented strikes.

"So much for the good it has done! What harm has it done? It has brought into existence a form of unionist who does not conceive any greater economic truth than that an application to the Court may produce a rise of a shilling or two a week.

"It has washed out all the sentiment of unionism; it has entirely abolished the larger landscape of labor's possibilities; and has reduced unionism to a spineless, inactive mass of political and economic inertia kneeling placidly at the feet of a tribunal for a shilling a day more.

"Not only has it done this, but it has split up the forces of labor into isolated atoms without cohesion of any sort,

until to-day we find the labor movement in New Zealand a discordant tangle of dissimilar objectives—without any aim in common save that of getting better wages and conditions from the Arbitration Court.

"Now that the workers have failed to get all they want from the Court, what are they going to do? Wages have increased 8 per cent., the cost of living has increased 30 per cent. A clean loss to the workers of 22 per cent."

The following are the views of Secretary Belcher, of the New Zealand Seamen's Union:

"Referring to the award generally, the position is this: The seamen have not gained one single concession. On the contrary, the Court has imposed further work on the poor fellows who now work eighteen hours a day, and deprived them of an overtime payment which they have hitherto been in receipt of. And this award has been made in spite of the fact that the evidence has proved the ship-owners to be in an exceptionally prosperous condition. They are paying good dividends, are constantly adding large and costly vessels to their fleets —all paid for, on the evidence of Mr. Holdsworth, out of profits and earnings..... The fight has been unequal, and the power of the 'almighty dollar' has again prevailed. I always believed that truth, right and justice must prevail, but my faith in these virtues has been rudely shaken—so much so that my energies in future will be directed against arbitration, which ignores truth and justice, and throws its weight into the scale against the worker."

Finally we quote from the *Worker*, of Brisbane, Queensland, one of the best of the Australian labor papers:

"The workers' attitude toward this measure is well known. We have no enthusiasm on the subject. We cannot pretend that we expect a good deal from it. Its inadequacy has been demonstrated in New Zealand. It has prevented strikes, but it has not done away with the necessity for strikes; that is to say, it has not prevented the exploitation of labor, nor greatly minimized it.

"Nevertheless we recognize Industrial Arbitration as a necessary phase of our movement. The labor parties

of Australia have made up their minds that there is something in it, and whether there is or not only direct experience will convince them.

"When labor has completed the capture of political power, it may be that the arbitration tribunal will be shaped and sharpened into an instrument to make the thieves disgorge. But that is still in the future, and for the present the question is whether arbitration makes for progress or acts as a soporific."

This is what the friends of legislative methods have to say of the first fruits of all their efforts to make a legal and peaceful transition from wage-slavery to Socialism. We regret the waste of time and energy. We regret still more that so few workers are aware of the facts.

CLASS-CONSCIOUS POLITICS.

By I. KNOX.

There was a time in the distant past when politics meant ideas; it represented the acme of social wisdom; it was a science and a philosophy. Then it had not yet sunk to the conception of mere successful organization of the ballot herd.

Jean Jaque Rousseau was a politician; Voltaire was one, and so were the French encyclopedists. Diderot and D'Alambert carried on an extensive correspondence with European monarchs, treating about the best form of government; they endeavored to demonstrate that the true mission of politics consists in furthering the welfare of the nations.

Strange enthusiasts! Did they really believe their own assertions? Their acid wit, their brilliant sarcasm suggests the contrary. Probably they considered the awakening of the masses to freedom and independence impossible; they sought, however, to do their utmost to lighten the burdens weighing so heavily upon the people.

Thomas Paine and Benjamin Franklin, too, were politicians. Their faith in the conquering power of reason was even stranger. A single work of these men contains

more thought and ideas than all the twentieth century publications of Greater New York could muster.

Fancy Jean Jaque Rousseau as boss of one of the political parties of America! The very thought is absurd. He would prove such an absolute fiasco, that even the cheapest ward heeler would scorn to waste his time on him.

Thomas Paine would fare even worse. It is inconceivable that he could prove even as successful as Hearst's sixth assistant-vice-manager. I fear me much that in practical politics he could not attain even to the exalted rank of Mr. Hugh O. Pentecost, who only recently realized his true vocation in life as social-democratic sheep gatherer.

Happily, the discovery was made just in time to rejoice in its practical application during the present campaign. Those that expected greater things of this man have but themselves to blame. He is not at fault if they displayed such poor judgment of human nature.

Now he is busily studying the soul of the modern Proletarian. Oh, this Proletarian! He is a hard problem indeed. Even the social democratic bourgeois and lawyers often despair of him.

There is Morris Hilquitt, for instance, eager to get into Congress and firmly imbued—as all know—with the scientific conviction that the earthly mission of the proletarian is to class-consciously vote the social democratic ticket.

And the proletarians? They are numerous as grains of sand on the seashore. They could elect full 300 social democratic congressmen. Oh, if they were only class-conscious!

Fortunately, the unexpected happens. The class-consciousness, which the proletarians lack, has concentrated in the hearts of the newly converted millionaires and lawyers. There it abides, eternal and immutable as the stars.

No one knows so well how the proletarians should think and feel as the social democratic bourgeois. Sanct Marx, come forth from your grave!

Let us hope that the situation does not prove more serious when conditions are reversed—when the proletarians begin to study the souls of their politicians.

THE MORAL OF THE STRIKE.

We wish we had space to quote in full a remarkable article that has appeared in the San Francisco *Bulletin*, headed "Why the Working Man Wins with the Odds against Him," which bears out the argument of our French comrades that the success of a strike does not depend on financial resources. It begins by stating that "working men on strike have an advantage in their poverty that overbalances all the massed wealth of their employers. This is a paradox, but for all that it states a deep truth of political economy." After pointing out the two sides of the problem, it continues:—

"Why, then, do the working men win so many strikes? Why are they so much more steadfast than the employers? Why, to consider a particular case, have wealthy shipowners in the existing strike on the water front broken away from their associates and yielded to the unions, while not one union man of the thousands that left their work has deserted his union? Isn't it strange that the men who possess the largest resources should surrender to the men whose main resource is simple fortitude and strong devotion to a principle—admirable qualities, but not nutritious?

Money, which is rated as a source of power, is rather a cause of weakness. Capital makes cowards of us all. The rich man has much to lose: the poor man, so long as he has his hands and health, is confident that he can do hard labour and live, if things come to that extremity. The man of money has acquired necessities that bear him down. He lives on an expensive scale. His wife must have fine dresses and servants to help her. His daughter's social ambitions must not be thwarted. His son at college must have a liberal allowance. Luxury, long enjoyed, breaks down character. The opulent man fears a diminution of his copious revenues more than the mechanic fears downright penury. The capitalist cannot bear to view his pile of hoarded wealth dwindle. His joy has been to behold it grow larger from year to year, and he has become by a slow process the slave of his superfluous capital. In him the desire for more money is often stronger than any sense of fidelity to his class or his colleagues. When he enters into a compact with other

employers he looks on the combination purely from the point of commercial self-interest, and when he sees that his interest would be served by breaking away from his associates he breaks away without any sense of shame, for he feels that any of them would do the same thing. His fellow employers are his competitors, and he does not love them. If he were to ruin their business he would profit by their loss. Consequently, in confederating with them he is moved by no altruistic feelings. He goes in the direction of more money, whatever tack he takes.

The working man, on the contrary, is sentimental rather than mercenary, in his zeal for his union. He will not quit the union when an employer, whose men have struck, offers him wages above the union scale. He thinks more of his fealty to his fellow working men than of his pocket. That is why he wins so many strikes with the odds against him.

* * *

THE VALUE OF THE VOTE.

Seldom now-a-days do we read such good commonsense as Blatchford has written in the *Clarion* for August 24, on the subject of woman's suffrage. No one can put a thing more tersely than Blatchford, even when, as unhappily occurs sometimes, he puts a thing wrong. But in this case who can deny him when he says as a reason for not making a specialty of this question:—"But I have been trying to help women and children and men, not by casting a vote once in a bundle of years, but by showing the cause of the evils under which men and women suffer, and by suggesting that the cause should be attacked and destroyed." And again: "Votes are good things to have —perhaps. But votes are not so good to have as knowledge. The most powerful human weapons are ideas.... Give me a womankind with their hearts and souls in a cause and that cause will be won—won without a vote." Such a breath of fresh air as this comes as a tonic after all the trash of electoral campaigning. It might even purify Worcester. Let the "Clarionettes" wear these words of Blatchford's as their badge: "It is not votes that matter; it is favor, devotion, love."

REFLECTIONS OF A RICH MAN.

I vividly recollect my feelings when I learned that Leon Czolgosz had shot President McKinley.

I saw a mighty arm raised from the deeps and heard a voice whisper in my ear, "The conspiracy between the government and the rich to rob and oppress the people has become known to us. The magic of your power, maintained through ignorance and fear, has lost its hold. We emerge from the abyss to a new dawn; we come to destroy the old, decayed structure and in its stead to erect one of beauty and strength." I was terrified—just for a moment. Then I was seized by violent anger. Have we labored in vain? Have all our deep-laid schemes proven futile? The political webs that our governmental spiders have so artfully spun to enmesh the human flies,—have they been torn asunder by the desperate awakening of a Czolgosz?!

The family fosters obedience; our schools inculcate patriotism; the church stultifies mental growth; our courts are designed to uphold the precious lie of equality before the law; furthermore, the majority are being weakened and unnerved in factories and mines—is all this insufficient to perpetuate the power of capital?

Is it possible that the act of a solitary being could tear off the mask of the face of authority, religion and capital and expose their real nature.

Not that I value the life of any individual, though he be President—what disturbs me is the realization that the fetters we have forged for body and mind so easily yield to the effort of a determined will.

The breaking light of the new day terrifies me.

* * *

The presumption and arrogance of the poor are constantly growing. I recently witnessed court-proceedings against a thief, and I was scandalized to hear the prisoner justifying his crime by the plea of Kleptomania.

A tramp suffering from Kleptomania! What effrontery!

Even the judge realized that the fellow endeavored to give his offense a respectable appearance, and therefore deserved severer punishment.

It was quite apparent from the emaciated and famished look of the man that he had been driven into crime by mere starvation.

* * *

Every time I open the new Testament I am unspeakably annoyed by the impracticability of Christ.

I have in mind especially the incident of the devil taking Jesus upon the mountain, pointing to all the wealth of the world and saying, "All this I put at your disposal if you will prostrate yourself before me."

Jesus could have become the richest man of all ages had he availed himself of this wonderful opportunity. But he failed to grasp the moment, which—to say the least—was very reckless of a man who seldom enjoyed a square meal.

What a pity Jesus lacked the business capacity of my friend Russell Sage. He would have seized the offer of Satan without the slightest scruple; he would have possessed himself of the riches of the earth and then brought proceedings against his benefactor on the charge of a discrepancy of three cents to balance the accounts.

* * *

Sometimes I grow cynical. I recently visited the circus. While everybody was watching the performance, a woman began to scream, "My jewels! I have been robbed!"

Evidently the pickpockets plied their trade while the audience was intent upon the acrobats.

The incident I witnessed at the circus forcibly reminded me of our political Punch and Judy show. The woman represents the people, whose pockets are being rifled, while their eyes are glued upon the political arena. There, the champions of the people's rights strut about, declaiming big, empty phrases regarding the welfare of their dear constituents.

LIBERTY FOR PRISONERS.

By BOLTON HALL.

The New York Juvenile Asylum at Dobb's Ferry, to which boys are committed by the Courts as ungovernable or destitute, has discarded walls and guards.

The lads, from about six to sixteen years of age, live in groups of twenty under the care of House-mothers, and they practically do not run away.

Last week I heard one of the officers tell those boys that he would not give a cent for a boy that did not want to do a thing that was forbidden. He said that was the reason that the Asylum (the "Children's Village" they call it) has no use for walls and prohibitions; which reminds me of an incident.

At Lake Forest College the time-honored custom prevailed that each class should steal the clapper of the college bell. Shortly after their new President was installed, the clapper, in spite of all precautions, was missing, and, as most of the young men are country-bred and mostly without watches, the college exercises suffered greatly.

The President took no notice till evening chapel, then he asked the boys to remain, and after the professors had withdrawn he said: "Some very young gentleman has carried off the clapper of the bell. Now, that is inconvenient to us: we have to wait for the late comers at the classes and to waste time trying to be early enough. After that young gentleman has finished playing with the clapper, I wish he would return it—that's all."

Next morning, the President noticed an unusual attendance at chapel; again he took no notice, but stepped forward to read the services, and found a ribbon on the book. Following it with his eye he saw in front of the desk the clapper, with a placard on it, "President Dick, from his Boys."

Needless to say, the clapper has never been bolted in since that, and never will be stolen again, and thereby hangs a moral.

Up at Dobb's Ferry, as at Dr. Arnold's school and at our colleges in "the honor system," they have done away with the detectives and taken it for granted that the boys

would do right because it is wisest; but they go further. They teach the boys things that they want to know—not like our schools, the catalogue of Henry the Eigth's wives, which nobody needs to know, or the length of rivers with indeterminate beginnings. You learned the length of the Mississippi at school, but they forgot to say, and you don't know now, whether that included the windings or not, and whether "navigable length" means for a catboat or for a propeller. At the Asylum they teach them how to do things, to print, to use tools, to cultivate gardens, "school gardens" we say, though we mean play gardens, for all decent schooling is really play. And the boys, instead of being forced to learn as a punishment, learn as a joy.

The time of the birch in school and the whipping post in the army has passed. But the more cruel moral and mechanical compulsions still remain, suggestions and challenges to do the unsocial act.

Our moral education has been mostly of the type of the mothers who said, "Mary, go and see what Johnny is doing and tell him to stop." Is it not time we tried the other plan—that we assumed that other men need no more prohibition than each of us needs himself?

For thousands of years we have prohibited almost everything that could hurt us or could hurt the doer, from drinking and petty gambling to fornication, and we have especially dubbed the last one "immorality." Have these things much decreased? Will more prohibitions abolish them?

There is no question that law and police have punished many crimes, largely of their own manufacture; and have prevented some crimes, but there does seem to be a serious question whether New York, for instance, would suffer more from theft than it does from the blackmail of the system and the graft of "the finest"—whether police and detectives, legislators, forts, armies and navies and all the forces of restriction do not cause more suffering and violence than they prevent.

At any rate, if liberty works so well for those who have been "committed" by magistrates, we might try more of it for deeds and men not yet committed.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

A rather interesting and somewhat heated discussion is going forward in the columns of "Le Libertaire," Paris, concerning the advantages and disadvantages of state education and education by "the Congregations," between which two powers so lively a war recently took place. Emilie Lamotte, in criticising both sides, observes: "Neither in the lay schools nor in those of the congregations do they really educate"; and points out further that in certain respects the secular schools are at a disadvantage because there is less opportunity to pay attention to the individual scholar than in the religious schools, where the "dear brother" can take the incompetent pupil aside and give him separate instruction. If it be true that, in the lay school, as Lamotte claims, "a great number of children quit the schools at eleven, twelve and thirteen years, not knowing how to read fluently," and if this is, as most freethinkers believe, an improvement on the religous schools, it is indeed ripe time for instructors, whose real purpose is to instruct, to organize educational efforts outside of both Church and State in order, as Lamotte proposes, "to complete and correct the instruction of the state."

* * *

Judging by the number of articles, pamphlets and addresses advertised to be given, the question of education and the application of the anarchistic principle to it seem to be uppermost in the present libertarian movement in France. "L'Anarchie" announces "The Education of To-Morrow," by A. Laisant, published by the Communist Colony of Aiglemont; "Les Temps Nouveaux" advertises a lecture by Mme. Seville Mérat on "Physical and Moral Education of the Child from the Cradle"; Le Libertaire, in addition to the aforementioned articles, advertises "Libertarian Education" by Nieuvenhuis, "Education and Liberty" by Devaldés, and "Education" by Nunrietska. "L'anarchie" has its series of articles and debates. These are indicative straws.

* * *

The international anti-militarist agitation continues. A recent congress at Elbeuf, in which twelve organizations participated, urges that an anti-militarist provision

be introduced into the mutual covenant of all federated bodies of workingmen as the very first necessity. It recommends that an understanding be sought between the united federations of workers and the anti-militarist organizations. Meanwhile local groups continue to meet and effect distribution of anti-militarist placards and literature.

* * *

There seems to be a reappearance of the perennial idea of a universal language; this time it is "Esperanto"; and the avidity with which it is being seized and propagated by our European comrades is evidence sufficient that there are certain demands for international information which could be more easily supplied through the channel of a universal language than the roundabout courses now open. An appeal has been issued for help to bring out a journal in the new tongue.

* * *

A new anarchist monthly, *En Marcha,* has appeared in Uruguay. Those who read Spanish, and are curious to know the progress of radical ideas in the less aggressive countries of the earth, should get it. Address, "Centro International de Estudios Social, Rio Negro, 274, Montevideo."

* * *

The free communist group of Stockel-Bois, Belgium, has changed the name of its paper, *"The Insurgent,'* to *"The Emancipator";* this as the result of the conference of delegates from all over Belgium, recently held at Stockel-Bois. Perhaps the new name gains in mellifluousness what it loses in force.

* * *

Colony experiments are multiplying in France and the Netherlands, chiefly through the efforts of the young comrades who are not content to be warned by the failures of their elders, and who insist that they desire to try and to make their own failures if needs be, but to try at any rate. In this they are right. However disheartened, we may be with our own attempts or those of our generation, let us not restrain the young from pursuing the ideal of a free life as they see it. Failure in trying to get what you want is better than success in getting what you don't want.

Alexander Herzen, Jr., son of the great Alex Herzen, who was the stormy friend of that storm-petrel Bakounine, died recently at Lausanne, Switzerland. His was the life of the quiet savant, having been, since 1881, professor of physiology at the University there. Nevertheless he was one of the strong and steadfast supports of freedom in moral life, having written well on the subject: "What is morality?" from the standpoint of the freeman.

NOTICE.

On November 3d the first number of the new Anarchist labor paper, "The Voice of Labor," will be issued at 127 Ossulston street, London N.W., England. The object is to bring the English workers into line with the advanced movement of other countries, pointing out to them the futilities, imbecilities and the chicanery of politics, and encouraging them to organize along economic and revolutionary lines. Among the contributors will be P. Kropotkin, A. Marsh (Musicians' Union), John Turner* (Shop Assistants—Retail Clerks—Union), T. H. Keell (London Society of Compositors), and other well-known writers. An American letter by H. Kelly dealing with labor matters in this country will appear weekly. All who wish to get a clear, sane view of the labor movement in Great Britain should read the "Voice of Labor"; it will contain eight pages; the price is one dollar a year. Send subscriptions to the "Voice of Labor," 127 Ossulston street, London N.W., England, or to H. Kelly, 210 East 13th street, New York City.

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* Those who were desirous of hearing Mr. Turner in this country, but were unable to do so owing to his deportation by the U. S. Government, will through this medium have the opportunity of learning some of his views.

EDUCATION UNDER REACTIONIST SPAIN.

It is a well-known fact that popular instruction in Spain is sadly neglected, almost as much as in Turkey and Russia. What little is given is poor in quantity as well as in quality, chiefly in the latter respect, as it rests under the control, more or less, of priests and monks, who take care that the modern tendencies are as much ignored as possible by the underpaid, starving schoolmasters, whose will is generally subservient to that of the Church.

A good friend of ours, Professor Francisco Ferrer, who spent several years of his life in Paris as an exile, was in the habit, amongst the circle of friends he made in the French capital, of complaining bitterly of the imperfection of the whole of the Spanish education system, and of telling with much enthusiasm what he would do in the way of public instruction if he had the needed financial support. A wealthy lady who was much impressed with his theories left him a considerable portion of her fortune, and Ferrer at once went to Barcelona and started *La Escuela Moderna* (the Modern School), in praise of which it is enough to say that its success was so marvelous, from the very beginning, that branches had to be established in numerous parts of Spain.

Besides providing good teachers, Ferrer turned his attention to the lack of suitable text-books and reading-books for children in Spain, and provided both by suitable translations and adaptations of French standard works, and by appealing successfully to native talent.

Amongst the works thus published there are, besides translations from Reclus, Kropotkin, Malato, Jean Grave, Letourneau, Paraf-Juval, Engerand, etc., text-books written in Spanish by Buen and Vargas, professors of the Barcelona University, by Ramon Cajal, the greatest Spanish naturalist, by our Spanish friends, Anselmo Lorenzo, Nicolas Estervanez, Dr. Lluria, Federico Urales, Mrs. Jacquinet, Pi Arsuaga, etc. Needless to say, all these books are decidedly rationalist and frankly revolutionary in tendency—just what is needed to prepare a new generation of free citizens. This precisely explains the hatred and animosity entertained to-

wards Ferrer and his work by the two most potent factors in the Spanish State—the Romish Church and the Army. Their representatives waited only for an opportunity to act, and the opportunity sought came on the occasion of the attempt on the lives of the Spanish sovereigns by Mateo Morral.

Morral, who had rather large private means, enriched the Library of *La Escuela Moderna*, and volunteered to act as librarian. After he had committed suicide, his acquaintance with Ferrer was found a sufficient motive for arresting the latter and seizing his fortune, or rather the money left him in trust for a purpose.

Those who are acquainted with the ways of Spanish justice in political matters—as revealed to the world by Montjuich, Mano-Negra and Alcalá affairs—will not need to be told that the Spanish inquisitors have more than one way of proving guilty any man they want to get rid of.

Several prominent Freethinkers and Revolutionists, as well as all our comrades on the Continent and in England, are now making a vigorous fight on behalf of justice. Press campaigns have already been started by many independent papers in Spain; by the *Tribuna* and *Messagiero* in Italy; by the *Labour Leader* in England; the *Express* in Belgium; by *L'Intransigeant, Echo de Paris, Action, Temps Nouveaux, Courrier Européen, Petite République, Dépêche,* and many others in France.

A first victory has already been gained by this agitation. The Spanish government, who intended to submit Ferrer to a court martial, which in Spain always condemns the accused, whether they are guilty or not, has at length decided to remit the affair to a civil tribunal.

Now we must demand a prompt and a fair trial, and compel the Spanish government to allow the Rationalist schools, which have *all* been closed throughout Spain, to reopen their doors and to continue without hindrance the work of education and emancipation.

T. DEL MARMOL.

TO THE REVOLUTIONISTS OF THE WORLD.

In connection with the Russian revolution, it is said that some foreign powers are preparing to make an armed intervention in Russia, that is to say, to smother the insurrectionary movement of that country and re-establish the autocracy.

The realization of this threat depends on the proportions which the revolution may take.

To us, who believed that we saw in that struggle a hope of the awakening of all the world's sufferers or a beginning of the universal social revolution, it seems that the duty of all revolutionists is to prevent the armies of the other countries passing the Russian frontier, and to help in the death of this system.

Agitate! Agitate! Let us raise the spirit of the people and threaten a universal general strike, should foreign governments intervene in Russia.

This action would be the most useful and most practical proof of solidarity that revolutionists could give in the cause of the Russian proletariat.

In New York we have already formed an international group for agitation on this subject in North America.

We wish to put ourselves in communication with all individuals, groups and institutions sympathetic to our idea.

J. VIDAL,
37 Liberty street, Brooklyn, N. Y
(U. S. A.)

Labor papers please copy this appeal.

TO THE COMRADES.

It is an undisputed fact that the majority of people know little of the great questions of our time; much less do they know of those unfortunates whom Poverty and Law have condemned to a life of degradation and despair—the prisoners. In tribute to the latter, and because it is my desire to shed light on the terrible influence of prisons on those within and without the gloomy walls, I have decided to tour the country.

I am ready to deliver a series of lectures on Prisons and their physical and psychic effects.

So far dates have been arranged for the following cities:

Albany	October	14 and 15.
Syracuse	"	20 and 21.
Pittsburg	"	22 and 23.
Cleveland	"	24 and 25.
Columbus	"	26 and 27.
Detroit	"	28, 29 and 30.
St. Louis	"	31 to Nov. 3.

I expect to be in Chicago about the 4th of November, and to remain there two weeks.

Groups, Societies, and Unions that wish to arrange for dates, will please communicate with me at once.

Alexander Berkman,
Box 217, Madison Sq. Sta.,
New York.

❦ ❦ ❦

JAMES'S VINDICATION OF ANARCHISM.

AN APPEAL.

Comrades and Friends:—

It has been the earnest desire of many of the former readers of *Free Society* to see the work entitled, "Vindication of Anarchism," by C. L. James, issued in book form. The comrades of Philadelphia, whose original suggestion was in a measure the occasion which called forth the work, have steadily kept this purpose in view

ever since its serial appearance in *Free Society,* regarding it as one of the serious contributions to a fundamental literature of Anarchism. The creation of such a literature is, in our opinion, the most definite task we can assign ourselves under present material and intellectual conditions in America.

We, therefore, appeal to all who agree with us in this matter to help raise the funds necessary for the publication,—between $450 and $500. We suggest that wherever picnics, socials, or similar affairs are held, a proportion of the receipts be set aside for this purpose; and we feel assured that the undertaking can be accomplished in a comparatively short time, if all will concentrate their efforts to that end.

Send all contributions to N. Notkin, 2630 E. Lehigh street, Philadelphia. Acknowledgment will be made through the *Demonstrator, Freiheit,* and MOTHER EARTH; and as soon as the commencement of the work is justified, report will be given.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.
NATASHA NOTKIN.
GEO. BROWN.

Philadelphia, Aug. 14, 1906.

BETWEEN THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

We were three—a man, a child, and I who am a woman. It was in the winter, and the man sat always at the front window of the third story opposite me, and the child in the parlor two doors below; and I from my second story saw them both. If they saw me, or seeing noted me, I do not know; but I think they did: for we were kin, and the only kin in all that life that hurried round us, up and down, up and down. Ah, the long agony of those endless days, while we stayed watching the snow floating in the merciless atmosphere and the living people going up and down,—we the unburied dead who from our coffin windows still looked out!

The man sat always propped among his pillows with his feet stretched out on the window-sill, looking down, wearily down. I, who could not sit nor lie, stood with my

forehead upon the panes of glass, listening to the never ending roar of the machinery of my own body, the engine beat of a sick heart. And the child, ah well, the child, with her ghastly face and sullen blue eyes, sat staring outward at the snow and the life that was all denied her; —such a young child, with the glory of youth yet shining in her mass of pale hair. And we thought, we three, as we gazed at the others, busy, so busy with life, "Ah, they too must die soon. The woman who sweeps the pavement there, impatient of the falling snow, she too must suffer; yet a little while she too must suffer and die. One day she will go in and close the door behind her, and never come out again. Those men who tramp so lustily, forcing back the cold and the snow with their hot hearts and limbs, they are tramping straight towards it, that last door which will open to them the fore-halls of death, wherein they, too, must sit unburied,—long perhaps, like us. Ah, what is the use of it all? Why go up and down so? Why wait so long since the end is the same? Why not make an end? Why not make an end?"

But the will to make an end was dead also, so we staid on, looking wearily from our coffins at the world that did not interest us, to which we did not belong,—dead things with living eyes. But there came a day, a soft, stray day that had wandered among the winter rigors, a day with a blue sky and a flood of golden glamors, when Life, in mockery, called luringly from afar to her forsaken children. I leaned out over my casement, and looked at that swift runlet of being passing by, then up at the man and down at the child. The man was caressing a geranium with his long skeleton fingers, and looking down, down, down, as into a bottomless well. He was measuring: I felt it then, I knew it afterward. But the child,—ah, the meagre little creature with her blue-white visage and sunken nose! Around the decaying bones of it the lichenous fungus of a rotten birthright! She had crept out upon the doorstep; even to her, who had begun to die before she saw the light, to die long and in much pain and never know aught of life save fugitive yearnings, inexplicable, ending in nothing, buds that can never fruit nor bloom,—even to her the mocking sunlight called, and in the wasted little bosom the fading life swelled vaguely. Her crippled leg, shapeless and flesh-

less, just a covered bone, hung down from the step, and in her crippled arm she nursed a great wax doll, moving the other arm aimlessly to and fro as if seeking relief from pain. At times she pressed her face against the doll,—the only thing in all this great surging world on which she might dare to spend her hungry love; only there, on the insensate wax, the innocent love of a child might pour itself through the leprous lips whose pure kiss would curse responsive flesh with that undying death of hers.

And the great hammer that beat in my head, the merciless hammer that rang like iron, began to clang: "And the sins . . . . of the fathers . . . . . shall be visited . . . . upon the children . . . .unto the third . . . . and the fourth . . . generation . . . And the sins . . . of the fathers . . . ."

I pressed my ears between my hands, but the hammer clanged on—"unto the third . . . . and the fourth . . . . generation." . . . .

Oh the terrible isolation of the child, that pallid mystery of purity enclosed within a cell of putrefaction, that luminous chrysalid sublimely silent, expectant, awaiting its mutation, while the never to be unfolded wings are being eaten away; and no living thing dare press the seal of welcome even on that translucent forehead for the foul contamination that lies therein! "For the sins . . . . of the fathers" . . .

Under the hammer-clang repeating the pitiless law, my head reeled to and fro: "O Life, Life, where will you make it up to her? Why was the dream of justice ever born in the human mind, if it must stand dumb before this terrible child?"

And far away there stretched before my eyes the limitless procession of little lives that had come forth in waste and blight, to die in their smitten youth, bearing through all their pain the unnameable grace of babyhood, the aroma of green tendrils, the gloss and the down of childhood shining and floating still among the dust and death. Oh, that girl's long golden hair! How thick and fair it gleams around the waxy face! And the little starved kitten in the alleyway with its delicate paws catching at a wind-blown straw! GOD? Did men ever believe a God could so order life? Did any one ever believe it?

I stared up at the sky, and the face of the consumptive caressing his geranium came in between. Ah, well, he and I at least had lived a little; but the mother of the doll had never lived; she had died always.

We have gone from each other now. Somehow the door of my coffin reopened, and I came back to the living. The man has passed down to the dead. Of his will he went. It happened so: on a day of thunder and storm he leaned out and measured with his eyes for the last time; then he looked back into the room; no one was there. He set the geranium carefully at the side of the window-sill, and plunged to the stone below—the kind, hard stone that was merciful to him.

The child remains. In the summer days she still sits there upon the step,—her sullen eyes staring with a seeing blindness at what she does not understand, sometimes the skull-like face bending to kiss the only thing that does not shun her love,—the Doll.

If her father and mother live they never face that sight. Stranger hands attend her, professional hands, sterilized hands. They do their duty, kindly; but never the warmth of all-oblivious love, careless of contamination, enfolds her to a living breast, kisses through the clay to the spirit. Locked within the fatal narrowing circle, her soul is freezing as her body rots. Powerless in its martyrdom it waits the final expiation, hidden and dark, like an eye seen dull-blue under a lid that has never unclosed. Powerless, non-understanding . . . . —"For the sin . . . . of the father . . . . has been visited . . . . upon the child . . ." *And there is no Justice anywhere,* NOT ANYWHERE.

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